

Good Morning 316

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HE WAS MODERN PIRATE—BUT . . .



Mother's Railway Wonder

O.S. Norman

Riley!

As a tall young man, with a heavy suitcase and a broad grin, paused for a moment at the gateway of his home to wave a cheerful good-bye, he did not know that when he donned the uniform of a submariner his mother would be in navy blue as well.

He did not know, either, that when his leave train came steaming into the tiny platform of Plodder Lane (Farnworth, Lancs) railway station—just a stone's throw from his home at 164 Plodder Lane—his mother would be the uniformed porter who helped him to heave his kit-bag out of the compartment. Mother and son in navy blue—but you've guessed already, O.S. Norman Riley—are Mrs. Florence Riley and her 18-year-old son.

Only five days had dawned bright and clear after you went away, Norman, before your mother became a porter-signal-woman, and a man-sized job it is, too.

But her war work is a dream come true. When Norman was a mischievous

young lad he might have yearned to become an engine driver. But he never thought his mother had tucked away within her secret self a fascination for the signal-box she passed each morning with her shopping basket.

And now the huge levers which shone in the morning sunlight no longer hold the same mystery for her.

"I had always wanted to pull those signal levers," she said to the "Good Morning" reporter who called at your home, "and now I do it three times a day."

"Yes, I'd always fancied doing this job."

It's a "one-woman station" down Plodder Lane way. For she's PORTER AND STATION-MASTER, BOOKING CLERK AND TICKET COLLECTOR, SIGNAL-WOMAN AND BOOK-KEEPER!

Twice each morning she climbs up the wooden stairway to the signal-box beside the small station, and pilots the goods trains into the sidings so that the express "passenger" can go racing through.

Then, in the afternoon, she boards the brake-van and is taken by a goods engine a quarter of a mile along the

track to change another set of points.

Mrs. Riley and another woman porter look after the station together, but they're never there at the same time as each other.

When Mrs. Riley has finished her eight-hour shift and is relieved by her colleague, she takes off her peaked porter's cap, to cook the meals and do the housework.

"It's only a small station, but it's on a main line, and quite a busy one," she said smilingly, "so I'm kept pretty busy—wheeling heavy luggage trucks, attending to the lamps for night-time, and a hundred-and-one jobs which before the war were done by a man."

The Rileys are a Service family, right enough. Norman's father, 46-year-old James Riley, was an old soldier of Great War No. 1, but he joined up again in the infantry this time—though now he's invalided out. And doing other war work!

Who knows, Norman, the next time you come home on leave your mother may be on duty—ready to bundle you and your baggage from the train. . .

All's well at home; and all send their fondest love.
Good Hunting!



Painted blue became white, but one was left its original colour.

The seamen were a bit puzzled at all this, but there was plenty of grog handed out, and maybe sailors don't care—much. The carpenter, on instructions, changed the yellow funnel into a black one, and gave it a red star. It was all done in one day. By nightfall the "Ferret" swung round on her trail and steamed back through the Straits without showing lights. The blue lifeboat was dropped overboard, as also were lifebelts, some deck seats and

Henderson, and he had a fine knowledge of shipping procedure, it must be admitted.

The crew, of course, commented on the changes to the ship, but Henderson and Walker met the objections. Henderson told the crew that he was an American colonel forced to leave his country because of "politics," and he did not wish his enemies to know his whereabouts. The "Ferret," he said, was his own boat, and all he proposed to do was to carry out a bit of trading and then sell her.

And he flourished a revolver while he told his tale; and the revolver spoke louder than words.

The "Ferret" steamed away, avoiding the shipping lanes, to San Antonio, off Cape Verde. By the time she reached there she was no longer the "Ferret." She now bore the name of "Benton."

Dropping anchor in a sheltered cove, Henderson gave orders for the deckhouse to be shifted aft. He also ordered the engineer to change the number on the edge of the hatchway. Wherever the name of "Ferret" was marked it was obliterated and "Benton" painted in. Alterations were also made forward. All this took a fortnight, then, her water tanks refilled and plenty of fruit and vegetables and poultry aboard, she steamed away for South America. Her accounts were settled with false bills.

At the port of Santos, Brazil, Henderson went ashore, told the local agents that he was from Capetown, bound for England, and got a valuable cargo of 4,000 bags of coffee to ship to Marseilles.

But the "Benton" was not intended for Marseilles. Once out of sight of Santos, the course was changed again—for Capetown. When they were about six days from Capetown orders were given to alter the name of the ship again. The "Benton" became the "India."

Coal was running short, and the engineer was told to burn bags of coffee. Into the furnaces went hundreds of bags of coffee of a cheap grade.

Henderson was pretty smart. He had on board a printing set so that he could manufacture any letter-heading he wanted. He also had revenue stamps and papers of the ports where he proposed to call. He induced one man to forge a receipt which purported to show that he had paid a firm at La Guaira, in Venezuela, a sum of 67,000 dollars for the coffee.

This was so cleverly stamped that the agents at Capetown accepted his ownership. The coffee was auctioned, and Henderson got £10,300 after paying expenses. He took £2,300 in cash.

Thus far all had gone without a hitch. But back home people were worrying. The Glasgow firms found that the cheques of "Mr. Smith" were not met. Bills were presented at banks and dishonoured. A letter to "Henderson and Co., Gracechurch, E.C." was returned with "Gone away, address unknown," marked on it. And that started up things.

Lloyd's, the Board of Trade, Lloyd's agents and British Consuls all over the world were asked for news of the "Ferret." But the "Ferret" had vanished. Were not her boat and furnish-

ings found? The underwriters settled with the original owners and paid over the insurance money.

Meanwhile, Henderson, having made some more changes in the ship, left Capetown and got to the island of Mauritius.

There he tried to get a cargo of sugar, but the merchants were as wily as he, and he sailed without the sugar. He reached Port Albany, Australia, after a 3,300 miles voyage. There he tried to sell the ship, but being unable, he sailed for Melbourne.

And there he met Fate—with a policeman's baton in his hand. For Fate was Constable James Davidson, whose memory was good, whose eye was keen.

Seated in the police station at Queenscliff, overlooking the harbour, Constable Davidson conned the ship. He thought it strange that the crew were not allowed ashore. He thought it strange that the fires on board were kept going for moving off quickly. He thought she looked about the same tonnage as the "Ferret." Mind you, he wasn't sure.

But he mentioned the matter to the Customs, and Lloyd's Register was searched. There was no mention of a steamer "India." So river police were told off to look things over. They went aboard. But Henderson and Walker were not there; they had quit. So the Customs people searched.

They found, in the log book, a seaman's advance note on the printed heading of the "Ferret." And that was what Henderson and Walker had forgotten to destroy!

A deeper search found more evidence that the ship was the "Ferret"—Customs seals, the printing outfit to produce forged papers, and so on.

The police caught Henderson in an hotel at Longwood, 84 miles from Melbourne, after two mounted men raced there. They caught Wright, the mate, drunk in a lodging in Melbourne. They caught Walker, who had assumed the name of Wallace. The ship, too, was arrested.

The crew were accommodated in a Seamen's Home. Walker, Wright and Henderson were tried in Melbourne. Henderson's knowledge of shipping gave the prosecution some knotty points to argue; but in the end he and Walker were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and Wright got three and a half years. And all because they forgot.

THINK THESE OVER

My object will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys. I can hardly hope to make.

Thomas Arnold, on being appointed headmaster of Rugby.

"He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

"The Ingoldsby Legends."

A young Scotsman of your ability let loose upon the world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of; especially if he went among the English.

Sir J. M. Barrie.

Enter the fatal "Jinnycat"

The Sea-green Grocer

PART IV

"Hello, young man, what are you doing out of your bunk at four bells in the middle watch?" demanded Professor Hogsbottom the following night, clanging the galley door behind him. Beneath the glistening sou'wester his face shone red as a November sunset, and his numb fingers struggled stiffly with the buttons of his streaming oilskin. The "Herod Antipas" was making heavy weather of it that night, taking green water over the bows every other minute, and driving the look-out from the foc'sle-head to the crow's nest. The Professor had just been relieved after a two-hour spell in that high and uncomfortable barrel. Isolated and swaying aloft in the howling darkness, buffeted continually by squalls of sleet and sheets of spray. Mr. Hogsbottom had thought longingly of his nice warm bunk. There was real sorrow in his voice when he found the grocer sitting wide awake before the galley fire.

"I couldn't sleep," said Pybus apologetically; "the foc'sle smelt of wet clothes, and the fleas were biting me."

"The domestic flea is a highly intelligent insect," replied the Professor, tugging at the strings of his sou'wester, "which can be taught to perform quite complicated tricks. Being so, it very logically refuses to go down to the sea in ships. From time to time, a few, coming aboard with emigrants or dock labourers, contrive to get Shanghaied, just as you were yourself; but, finding themselves out of sympathy with their new environment, they quickly languish away."

"Well, something's been biting me," Pybus insisted, holding out pudgy wrists girdled with angry lumps. "Look at that!"

"Ah, bugs," said the Professor judicially. "Now, your bug is no temperamental intellectual, but a sturdy, persistent fellow with highly developed seafaring instincts. Unlike the rat, he will never desert a sinking ship, rightly preferring to meet his doom with mandibles sunk deep in the enemy's hide. Indeed, he has most of those traits which we like to regard as exclusively English," concluded Mr. Hogsbottom, lighting his pipe.

"How do you get rid of them?" demanded the pragmatic Pybus, in no wise softened by this apologia.

"You don't," said the Professor, "but there are certain methods of damping their enthusiasm, which I myself never neglect. After shaking out my blankets on the foredeck, I remove the donkey's breakfast from my bunk and pursue any visible stragglers mercilessly, respecting neither age nor sex. With a candle-end which I keep for the purpose I then scorch the refugees out of the shallower cracks in the bulkhead. Finally I take off my boots, and, if in the Tropics, my trousers, and retire between the blankets for the remainder of the watch below."

"Then I shall never get no sleep," said Pybus resignedly. The Professor grinned unsympathetically. "Wait till you meet the mosquito, Queer Fella," he said. "Our owners don't believe in nets for their crews, any more than electric fans for the Red Sea, or baths, or any other new-fangled nonsense. They don't even believe in sleep."

"They hadn't ought to do that," said the grocer, with feeling. The Professor did not agree.

"Sleep," he said facetiously, "is the poor man's only friend. There are those who hold that a man is happy under three conditions—when he is drunk, when he is mad, and when he is dead. To my mind, sleep partakes of the nature of all three. The negro, the Spaniard and the Oriental know the true value of sleep from the cradle, but we must sail before the stick to be initiated. Thanks to the watch-and-watch system, the limejuicer learns to sleep on a clothesline and snore with his head in a bucket of tar. My heart bleeds for the poor foreign seaman, whose misguided owner allows him eight whole hours below, thus destroying all sense of reverence and inducing him to squander his time yarning and playing cards. Do you hear, Queer Fella?" added the Professor loudly, as Pybus began to nod.

"Beg pardon," said the grocer, sitting up with a start. "What were you saying?"

"I said that sleep is a sacred thing, and should be treated as such, in spite of the British middle class,

By Jaspar Power

which regards it as a weakness and a crime. How well I remember the bestial howls and ill-timed facetiousness with which its members delight to haul off sheets and jerk one sordidly awake; such conduct is worse than brawling in church. Four hours on and four off might be introduced to our schools with advantage," added Mr. Hogsbottom. "That'd tame 'em."

I was thinking of asking the Captain if I might become a regular member of the crew," ventured Pybus after a pause.

"Since I have to stop aboard the 'Antipas,' I might as well do something till I find out who I am."

"I quite agree with you, my boy," agreed the Professor heartily. "It'll keep you from moping." He omitted to add that it would also proportionately lighten and shorten the labour of himself and his fellow-seamen in certain coal-shovelling wrath to come. That could be trusted to make itself apparent in due course.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Strewth!—talk about beginner's luck!"

"Of course, it would be only till we got back to England," said the unsuspecting Pybus, "for the life seems pretty hard."

"Oh, it has its compensations," said the Professor, who was opening and shutting all the drawers and lockers in the galley. "I wonder where that lousy Lobscoose has hidden his butter. These sea-cooks always imagine mankind fundamentally dishonest . . . ah, here it is, and a tin of dripping as well. We seem to be in luck."

Half-a-dozen onions were forthcoming from the bottom of a sack, and these the Professor deftly peeled and hollowed out, stuffing butter lavishly into them with his thumb before putting them into the oven. Two pint mugs of tea stewed on top of the stove while he toasted thick slices of bread on the point of his knife and smeared them generously

with dripping. "Sink your fangs in that," he invited, pushing half of it over to Pybus, "and you'll fight your own weight in bumble-bees." The famished grocer fell to so ravenously that the Professor stared at him amazed. "You're like an Aboriginal at a beef bone," he said. "When did you eat last?"

"I don't remember," mumbled Pybus, with his mouth full. "Some time before I got hit, I expect."

"Why didn't you sing out, you idiot?"

"I was feeling a bit sick," said Pybus simply.

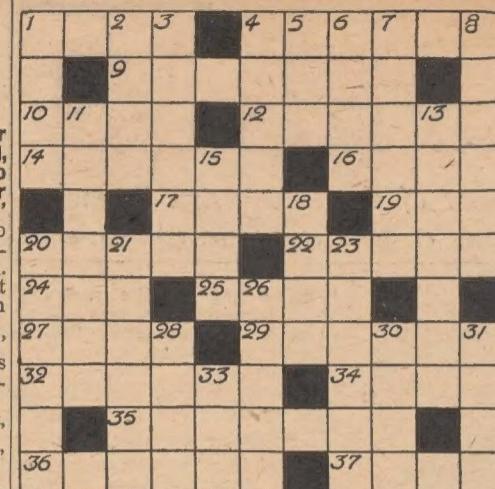
"Well, you'd better make up for it now, while there's chow in the galley," warned Mr. Hogsbottom, sawing vigorously at the heel of the loaf. "There'll be damn-all in here after Lobscoose sees that butter tin. That man's so mean he'd skin a louse for its tallow."

Ten minutes later Pybus unbuttoned his dinner-jacket and exposed his jerseyed chest to the roaring galley fire. On the narrow bench beside him stood a second mug of tea, and Hogsbottom had made him a cigarette. Outside the wind howled, and the galley pans clanked and jangled to the pitching of the ship, but Pybus felt all glorious within. Ships were all right, he reflected, when once you'd got used to them. Pillowing his head on the fragrant sack which had contained the pilfered onions, the grocer dozed.

Again the iron door clanged noisily, and a gust of ice-cold wind preceded a newcomer into the stuffy galley. Pybus sat up, rubbing his eyes, and stared resentfully at the intruder, a stooping man with the heavy moustache and rugged features of the conventional field-marshall. He wore a cheap blue overcoat, from the shoulders of which epaulettes of snow were already melting in the heat of the galley. More snow had lodged on the brim of his melon-shaped bowler hat. It was obvious that he had shaved within the last hour, before donning hard collar and knitted tie, and had polished his thick boots till they shone like a well-oiled Zulu.

Completely ignoring the two other occupants of the galley, he proceeded with great deliberation to lift in a carpenter's chest, a seabag, and a number of pictures wrapped in brown paper. Last of all came a little wicker basket, of the type used by railwaymen to carry their dinner, which he placed carefully on the bench beside Pybus. Carefully disposing of these miscellaneous possessions about him, he gravely sat down, and remained gazing straight in front of him, like a maiden lady waiting for a train. Soon the thawing snow on his hat began to drip, and after some hesitation he took it off, leaving it, however, well within reach of his hand. The sallow face thus

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Rested.
- Boatman.
- Symmetrical.
- Send forth.
- Far apart.
- Fix.
- Vibrate with pleasure.
- Slat.
- Perched.
- Musician.
- Unfolds.
- Completely.
- Wheel centre.
- Smack.
- Supervisor.
- Salt.
- Dumb-show.
- Cone-shaped.
- Oozed out.
- Standard.

HEEL	ALBUMS
A	DEED
DEED	ORAL
ORAL	SAGA
SAGA	UNABLE
UNABLE	PUERILE
PUERILE	ATE
ATE	R
R	NOTION
NOTION	P
P	FARED
FARED	GUESS
GUESS	A
A	RIGHT
RIGHT	U
U	COB
COB	NASCENT
NASCENT	EMBLEM
EMBLEM	RAKE
RAKE	TILE
TILE	POOR
POOR	STEAKS
STEAKS	PLUM

CLUES DOWN.

- Willingly.
- Flag.
- Provok.
- Blazed.
- Drink.
- Storm.
- Edible birds.
- Uses.
- Rope fibre.
- Cross-beam.
- Get from work.
- Outstrips.
- Fish.
- Writer.
- Bitter.
- Sound without splash.
- Storage pit.
- Quantity of paper.
- Pronoun.

disclosed seemed curiously blank, in spite of the bold features; the face of an idiot or a waxwork.

"Well, Chips, waiting for the baggage-master?" asked the Professor, without turning round; he had been watching the other covertly, under pretence of stoking up the fire.

"Aye, yop," said the carpenter in a far-away voice; "for the baggage-master, yop. As soon as Whalebelly gives out the Channel money I'm going home, yop."

"It's been a short voyage, Chips," suggested the Professor.

"Yop, a short voyage. The Old Man's been flogging the clock, and putting the miles in a bag, but he couldn't get to windward of me. Even when I was a leetle boy in Mauritius there was nobody could get topside of me," said Chips, with an expression of deep cunning. "I savvy the rat mit the big tail, I do."

"You're up to all the moves, I see," agreed the other soothily. "What have you got in the basket—the Jinnycat?"

"Aye, yop, the Jinnycat," said the carpenter, his face brightening. "The Jinnycat is stowed in the leetle basket. When the rummagers asks what is there, I tells them 'the ole Jinnycat.' We will take out the Jinnycat to warm himself; it is good for cats to be warm."

Suiting the action to the word, the carpenter opened the basket and gently lifted out the cat, a lean, repulsive animal with an unnaturally small triangular head. As it dragged itself to the fire, it became evident to Pybus that its hindquarters were paralysed, and he could not repress a shudder as it stretched itself on the floor, looking more like a snake than an animal.

"And what are you taking home to the Missis this trip, Chippy?" asked Hogsbottom. "I haven't seen you making anything."

The carpenter's face clouded; he looked like a frightened child suddenly called upon to account for

some misdeed. "I have nothing," he muttered unhappily. "She'll be sore as Hell, for she said I wasn't to come back without something. I made her a camphor-wood coalbox, and it was stolen when she was out one night, and a chest of drawers out of a piece of mahogany I got in Belize, and she capsized the lamp on it and it got burnt up. Then there was a teakwood mantelpiece, and that got burnt, too. I think sometimes there is a jinx on the things I make. She says herself I have no luck, and when the Board of Trade gave me the gold watch after that fire on the tanker 'Roncador,' she kept it ashore to be safe; but it got stolen like the rest. Aye, yop," sighed the carpenter.

"Well, you haven't lost the Jinnycat yet," said the Professor rather grimly. "I'll slip up to the bridge and find out what time she's going along-side."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—269

- Put a flower in MS, and make employers.
- Rearrange the letters of HORSE STRIDE to make an English county.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change:

BOOK into READ, BOWL into COLE, TIME into YEAR, WISE into GOOD.

4. What craftsman is hidden in this sentence?—I saw several big carp entering the lake in the park. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 268

- CENTIME TRE.
- HAMMERSMITH.
- SNOW, SHOW, SHOT.
- SPOT, SPAT, SEAT, SEAL.
- SELL, BELL, BALL.
- PIPE, POPE, PORE, FORE.
- FORT, FOOT, BOOT, BOAT.
- BRAT, DRAT, DRAM, DRUM.
- WISE, WIDE, BIDE, BIDS.
- BUDS, BUYS, GUYS.
- LEAD, LEND, BEND, BIND.
- BINE, LINE.
- Long, Gnat, Tang, Lein, Nail, Dial, Laid, Loan, Loud, Toil, Lout, Tail, Idol, Lido, Goat, Toga, Ling, Gilt, Glut, Lung, Ludo, etc.
- Guilt, Gaunt, Nodal, Glint, Giant, Tonal, Gland, Digit, etc.

A submariner jumped on a train at King's Cross. "Am I O.K. for Finsbury Park?" he shouted. "Yes," yelled back a guard. "Change at Edinburgh."

- Sake is an American herb, Indian tree, Japanese drink, colour, scent, Irish hemp?
- Who wrote (a) Father and Son, (b) Christina Alberta's Father?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—36, 45, 29, 48, 33, 25, 22, 39.
- With what sport is Izaak Walton associated?
- Who was never, never sick at sea?
- What is a male swan called?
- What is the Forbidden City?
- Two volumes stand in order on a shelf. Each is an inch thick and contains 500 pages. Each cover is one-eighth of an inch thick. How far is it from page 1 to page 1,000?
- When and where was the first motor-bus service run in England?
- In peace time, what is the otter hunting season?
- What was the first name of the Home Guard?
- Name four authors whose names begin with D.

Answers to Quiz in No. 315

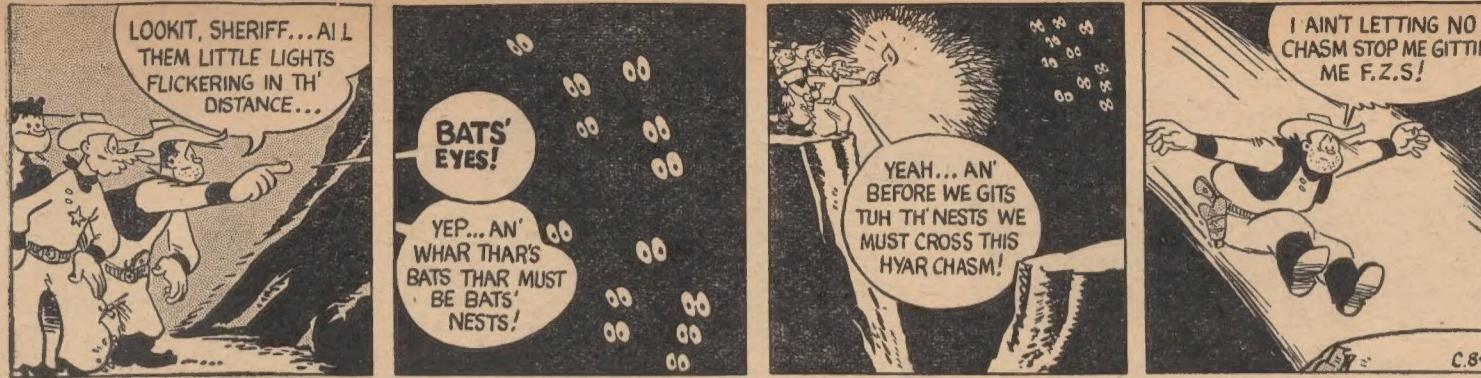
- Tobacco pipe.
- (a) Mark Twain (b) Dickens.
- George Eliot was a woman; others were men.
- Dick Whittington.
- 93 million miles.
- (a) golf, (b) baseball.
- Dulcimer, Durable.
- White.
- Cornflower.
- On St. Stephen's Day (or Boxing Day).
- Mimosa.
- Sir Isaac Newton, Adam, William Tell.



OH THANK YOU, COLONEL!—I FEEL BETTER ALREADY...

PEET CB4

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Cameras go to war

By Dick Gordon

ONE of the most powerful military weapons has never fired a shot nor taken a human life. Yet, with few exceptions, it is the most respected contribution to war material.

Without the motion-picture camera there would be no visual record of battles in action. Details of all military procedure would be limited to still photographs and text. Training pilots would find themselves denied a revolutionary method of learning how to handle their planes in combat.

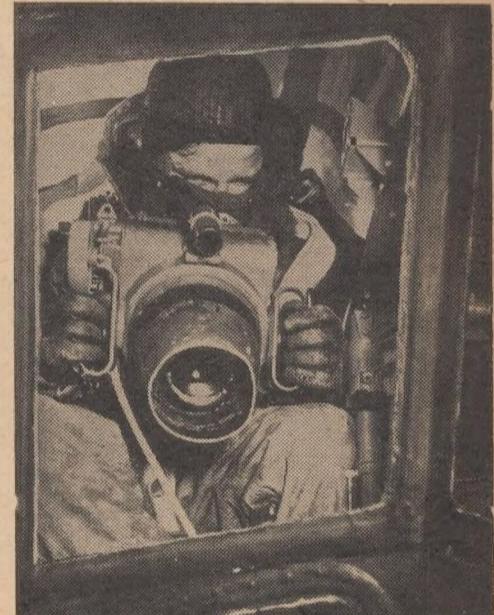
John Arnold, camera chief at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in co-operation with the Research Council of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, has been explaining latest developments in the use of the movie camera to special groups of Service men. These men are later assigned to the Signal Corps, Air Force, and other military branches where the motion-picture camera plays a vital role.

"The movie camera not only is used to provide training films by which soldiers are shown every detail of military procedure, from erecting a pup tent to assembling artillery, but it has become an important factor in actual combat, especially in the air arm," Arnold says.

Cameras at war point from the noses of fighter planes in action, to check gunners' marksmanship and correct technical errors. In other planes camera lenses are aimed through gun-sights to record positions of targets and document hits and misses.

Thanks to a piece of military engineering, movie cameras, like machine-guns, can be synchronised to shoot through the blades of a whirling airplane propeller. This allows pilots to train lenses as well as gun-sights on targets during combat. A complete photographic record of all manoeuvres is the result. Captain Clark Gable is now in Hollywood assembling footage from many of these "faray" films.

A major development in the training of fighter pilots is the "spotlight trainer."



A Royal Air Force observer with the oblique camera used in reconnaissance work.

"Bombers and other craft in combat manoeuvres, pursuit planes and fighter planes diving at a target are photographed from a plane at which they dive," explains Arnold. "The films later are projected on the inside of a huge dome, similar to a planetarium, while the trainee, within an actual fighter turret, manipulates his controls to 'avoid' the pictured attacks. This operation is called tracking."

In ground fighting the motion-picture camera has become equally important. The Army uses it to record skirmishes, attacks, and virtually all military strategy and operation. And, of course, cameras are integral equipment on the Navy's warships; they go into action along with guns and crew to keep track of vital accomplishments. Special lenses, including telephoto assemblies, are used on land, sea, and in the air.

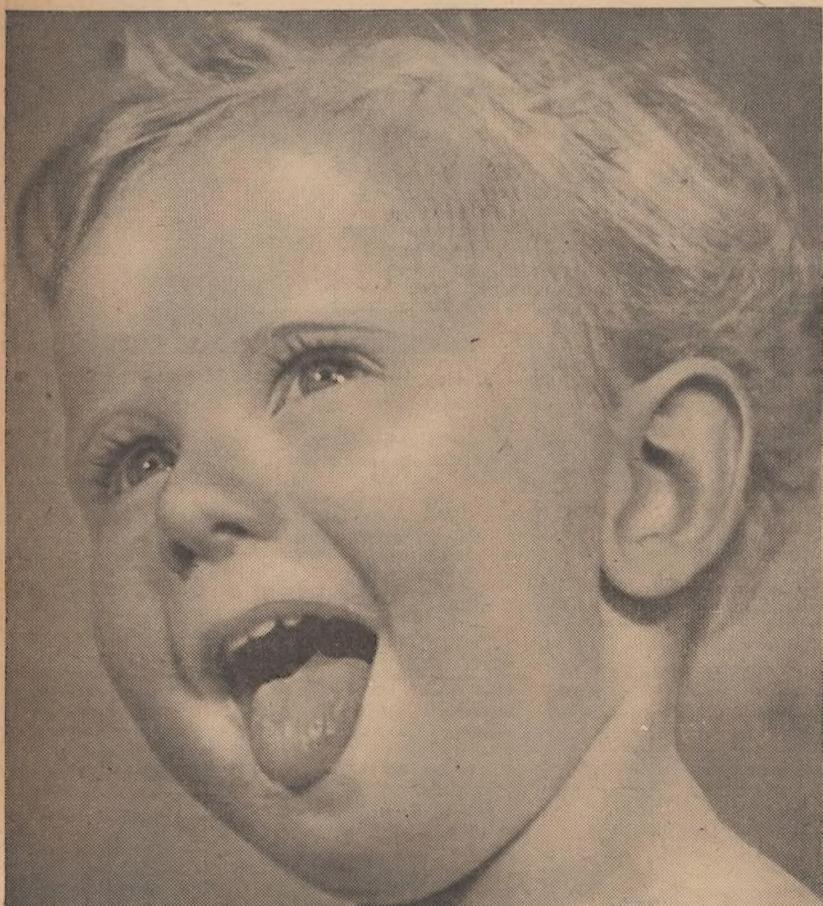
Training films are never seen by the public. They are distributed only to the Service branches for which they were created. Many of them, however, are loaned to Allied nations to aid training programmes in Allied Forces.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

Francis Bacon.

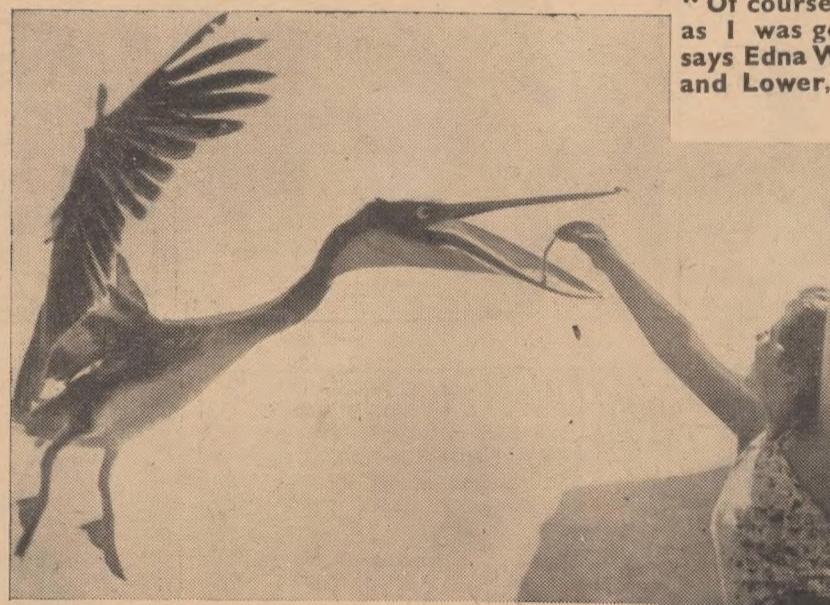
**Good
Morning**

"GEE—MA TAIL FEELS COLD"

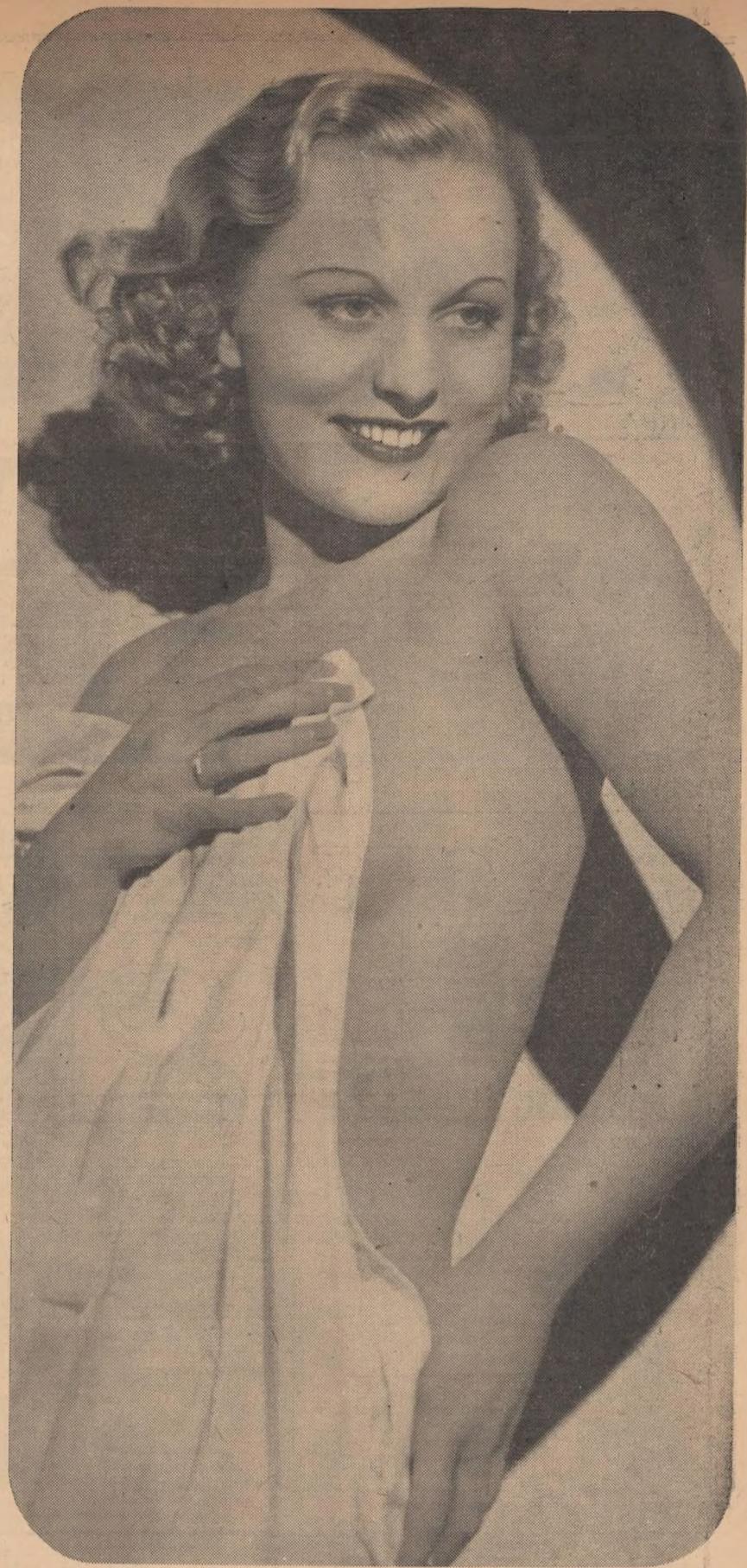


★
*This
England*
★

Just an ordinary village blacksmith, but as fascinating as when we were kids.



The pelican does a spot of lazy fishing. Maybe he's a "lady-bird," though . . . who knows?



"Of course you **WOULD** call just as I was getting into my bath," says Edna Wood, star of "Sweeter and Lower," at the Ambassadors Theatre.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"NOW DO YOU BELIEVE THAT I HAVEN'T EATEN THE JAM?"